Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 3

The Lusting Sapphire Blue Eyes

Summer days and junior year, you are my sunshine that brightens up my full moon; we are going to soar together, we will not need to wish upon a star because our dreams will, at last, become true. There may be dark clouds overhead, and times of rain. This may be there showering upon us, but love still grows, we will not care, we will be there looking at that view that goes on for miles. Sometimes we will have to cope with the rainfall that wants to keep us apart. Sometimes I think that I am going to lose my way to you. While

the gray storms end up taking our joyful colors away once more.

Upon the clear, we stand together at last… arm in arm, and hand and hand, we are laced, and we embrace one another. The colors of red, blue, and pink are the sky once more. Plus, all along you were there, this time we share. The colors begin setting the mood and light ones more. All the vivid gold sights with the feelings of being united and that will be us as a pair. The many stars shine bright because we are going to be there

all night, holding on to what we had that night.

I used to bite my lips, thinking about that gold band, and the sparkly rock on top. You can make me feel like royalty; yes, I will be your queen ruler. Maybe someday all this will not be a fantasy and the dreams will come true when we look at a different view, just me and you.

~Nevaeh~

Chapter: 17

My Seclusion

Just like, I remember the-Fireflies at night, they all carry their-own light in flight. They fly higher and higher until they are out of sight. They are never in fear of the darkness because they carry their light. They constantly have hope, and it shines brightly. The firefly flies by, unlike me there are never shy. I am lying outside on the grounds a few feet from my home, yet I am still feeling all alone,

listening to all the sounds of the night as they moan. I look at the full moon, knowing that I will be back in hell soon, seeing all the faces at lunch at noon. Wondering what is going to happen on my vacation in the upcoming summer in the months like in June. I lie on the cold hard ground outside looking up with the stars in the sky, remembering all the days flashing that have gone by, seeing all the faces that never even say hi, remembering the terror from the wandering eyes.

(Right now)

My head is pounding just like the thunder and lightning, the evil faces streaks crossed my face, with every bolt of lightning. This takes me back to when I was a little girl; I hope that the pink suspended feathers sweep them away in the white webs.

So, I can have a sunny day on all these rainy days that seem to never end, I just do not have much to say. I am not safe anywhere… the voices haunt me as they do. However, I just have an overwhelming urge to cry, all night and watch movies by myself. Like,

I have done, these last two years of my high school life. Is anything going to change? Why must I live like this? Why do I keep living? Why can I not just pass on? I look out my window, and sometimes it takes me back to when I was young.

Some days I look out the window and the skies are scarlet, and that reminds me that I should be out doing things with people of my age. The summer has come and gone, and the school days have started with no one to

see me, or even ask if I was alive. No one cares!

Is the plan going to work? I have no idea at this point, yet I keep trying!

I guess I was cheated out of that too; some people say life is all that you decide on. I think that too, yet something's I cannot decide on. Nevertheless, to me, that is nothing but a bunch of lies with some truth behind them. If you have someone that towers over you, and that makes up complete shit about you and slanders you all your

life you will end up all alone too, and then you will know what I mean.

Sometimes, I lean out my split-pane window that seems to be high off the ground, and I can hear the whistling wind stream through the leaves of the growth of trees, sometimes this reminds me about being in the garden and golden fields when my eyes are closed. But, when my eyes were open, I realized that it is just the wind rushing through the various hills and valleys of ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ I do not know what it is… but

there is just something about letting your hair blow in the breeze, which feels so amazing. I feel that it is just one of the amazing moments in time, which I have experienced. Oh, just the same can be said, about me standing in the rain, freely and naturally on a warm spring day, while I am filling the ground squish under my toes.

Yes, likewise can be said for the winters when I come home from the hellhole, and see the fireplace with its warm glow, from outside the frost chilled arched windows of the tort

section of the house that is part of the dwelling. ‘It is amazing also because I know that I will soon be warm and comfortable, and out of this uniform that labels me as one of them.’ In the wintertime, the snowdrifts, the pointed part of the roof along with the weathervane are covered in a blanket of white, ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ sparkles, and soft with an almost spooky light blue cast in the moonlight.

The trees down the lane drip with ice like a crystal cave, but- yet we all carve a pathway down the road that

leads to the hell and then back to the emptiness. Snow days are rare, but that does not matter to me either way because I cannot truly share it with anyone it seems, as you all know. So, would you be my friend if I asked you? Would you spend some time with me? Can I depend on you; I would be there for you!

So, on any day in any weather condition, unless the fog is rising from the valley, I can see in the distance ‘The Land of Many Steeples,' a far cry from this country land, where the

dwelling of lost and lonely dreams is upon. Then there are some days there are thunderstorms outside my window, and it takes me back to the past, like when I was in that dark room. I do not think anyone gets over their past, the past that haunts me, and a past that the tower uses against me. Yes, you can change your name. Change your hair, and change your style, but the words of slander will remain. The only thing I can do is find someone that does not care about what the words mean or

say, or just plainly pray for it to all go away.

(Visions)

The tower and the clan’s footprints are all-around ‘The Land of Many Steeples,' and lands that surround the distances. I want to believe that some people can think for themselves, yet I am not convinced yet. However, the chances are slim, I have learned this, and I know this for a fact.

(Wishes)

There is someone special in my life and I am sure when the planets realigned once more there will be more. That understands all my situations, and you should know what they are not going to care about accusations; speculations, and rumors of interpretations. From your tower and clan… so just fall already, and leave me the hell alone.

(Eyeing)

Windows and rooms really can set the tone and mood of your whole atmosphere of life. Now my room is

pink and perfect just the way I like it, I have my musical instruments, and all my comforts at hand, everything is the way I want soft and cozy and warm, unlike this emotionless cold world.

My room is always a safe place to relax now, and I am truly safe because I have the windows tamper-proof with new locks and screens. Also, in the winter I have, they all nailed closed. Yet the clan is never far away, they are always looking in, and I just walk over and shut the curtains in their face, so I can go and lie down on my

bed free and open, just the way I like it. The way it should be, without the world knowing about it. Yet I cannot help but wonder… what it would be like to look out the window someday, and see someone there to sweep me away off my feet and take me away from this hellish land.

That would be so romantic!

(Home)

‘This land is beautiful, but the people are horrible.’ The people took this beautiful land and raped it, and put

up a bunch of ugly boxes, however, my home is in the Victorian-style and it is old and has a handcrafted personality. There is an ancient oak tree outside my window, sometimes I step out my window then onto the roof of the porch, and sit in the tree branch that hangs over, and watches all the stars as they appear to turn on and off. Yes, I have wished upon a shooting star, that things will change, and that the towers will be no more. Looking straight ahead, I can see all the lights that go on the horizon, some days the sunsets are

blazing before the lights turn on. Then there are some days that the window is shut because it is cold windy while everything is chilled with the color of blue.

(Frame of mind)

My mood can change just like this and that it seems. Yes, just like all the summer turns into winter, and the winters turn into spring, and all of these thoughts running in my mind fall like the leaves through my brain, and they most likely do not mean a thing. I guess you could blame it on my ADD,

ADHD, dyslexia, bipolar disorder, or OCD. I do not have any of these… I do not have anything wrong with me. But, if you are like one of the sisters or someone from my school, you would say my mood changes are because of my- STD's, HIV, or being as they say GAY or BI, and LEZ-BO. They have also said, I am a pedophile and a child stocker, and I get moody if I do not get some from them. That is why I am so sober at times, or so they say.

Whatever…! They also have said that I am a schizophrenic- psycho

and that I could not even buy love. I would not try that anyways. I think that having money does not give you happiness; I am okay being a humble farm- girl, the guy that finds me… needs to be happy with that also. I am sure there are more things they say.

However, those are just some of them that I can dredge up as of now, off the top of my head. They have murdered me and my life, in so many ways. So now, do you wonder as to why I am afraid of talking to people or even looking at them? You know you and

they can try to destroy me, and my life. However, I do not have any of those listed either; none of these random arrangements of letters defines me as the person I truly am.

(Sight)

Looking out the windows, I can see the golden hayfields of ecstasy, I see the windmills that twist and tumble. I can see the abandoned railroad track that lies not far from my home. I can hear the cries of the swing as the wind gusts in spurts. But yet I am still in my room, but that is just

okay with me. Because I know that there will someday soon be someone there for me.

(Household)

My room is a land of peace and tranquility without all the gloom, with a bed and a canopy overhead but still, I am not truly happy? There is nothing-like the sounds of the crickets speaking up often in the cool August night breeze. It is relaxing to me, however; it is a reminder to me of how the last glimmers of summer are ending. Besides the sounds slowly fade away,

yes- I can hear this music from my bedroom window. It is just like in the spring the birds sing in the morning and leave in the cool gusts to come. It is just like the hummingbirds that flutter by, and then before I know it, all has changed; so, it seems by the time I walk out my bedroom door, to start my day. ‘Life goes in cycles of tunes it seems, and nature is its synchronization in its symphony you just have to listen.’

(Affection)

What is passion? Is it something that you care about? Is it an emotion? Or is it just a made-up illusion? Just like having a smart cell phone, I do not have one now, but I did at one time. I learned to live without; do I need fake people? I do not want to need people. Why? Because I get attached to them so easily, if you love someone, they break your heart, if you want someone… Everyone makes you feel that it is surely your fault. Yet I do want what I cannot have! What is Love? Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is

not, that is the way it is for me, sometimes I just cannot win and all I do is lose out.

Yet even in my room, I can fill their faces and eyes pressing down on my body, even though they cannot see me. Missing the true touch of true compatibility while knowing that it is all caused by some entities. But then again someday soon, I will have the world, and this transition of temperance will be over. I feel that I need to get rid of these weights that are holding me down, but how do I

smash the tower to the ground? Is it finding love that will do the trick or something else? As of now, I do not know, and Lily is letting all the ruling cards of the lovers in my hands. I need to find the strength, endurance, and courage to overcome the towering terrors and her clans of slurs. I know my grandmother's patterns and it is time to break her so that she can never rise again. ‘No weapons formed over me will ever prosper.’ My angel speaks the truth of hope. I have to be honest with you for the real truth to be

celebrated, and I need to let him know how I feel, that he is more than my crush.

(Lunch)

Like I said- all my days go like repetition, it was either November or December, for some reason I cannot remember. But once again I am sitting in the lunchroom cramming the food down my throat, and I was sitting with Maiara Chenoa and Melvin Shezor. Melvin is only there to take in the conversations. Just like that, the

conversation started that was supposed to only be between the two of us.

Nevaeh- Thereafter me!

Melvin and Maiara- Who is after you, they both said at the same time.

Nevaeh- The sisters and her clan…

Maiara- ‘Again?’ ‘So, you were telling me the truth.’

Melvin- ‘Who are the sisters?’ (He rudely interrupted us to put in his two cents into the conversation.)

Maiara- The Amsel sisters, why do you think they are after you?

What did you do to them?

Nevaeh- ‘Yes, from my experience, I did not do anything to them for them to want to stock me. They are up in my face constantly. They will not leave me alone. No matter where I go, there with me, yet nobody sees it but me. You will not understand- no one does… the only one that understands is Lily.’

Melvin- ‘You mean the dead girl that ran through the window?’

‘If nobody sees it then how can it be there?’

‘What are you guys smoking, whatever it is I want some?’

Maiara- ‘Shut up Melvin! Nobody was talking to you.’

Melvin- ‘Make me!’

Maiara- ‘Ewe no you would like that too much.’

Nevaeh asked Maiara- ‘So what should I do now?’

Maiara- ‘Do not let it bother you; it is out of your hands, remember what I told you when the time comes you will know what to do.’

Nevaeh’s final reply she said- ‘Okay if you say so.’

(Thoughts of confidence)

I can speak freely to others like never before, and you are not going to hold me back ever again. The power is in my voice, the voice that speaks up

for others is going to show just how evil you are. My destiny is on the way, coming closer to me each day. It is in my own hands, and your rain is almost over forever. You will no longer be the towering serpent that slithers and tricks my secret admirers away from me; you will no longer be underneath my angel's oak tree anymore, to coax them away. Tomorrow will reveal the new changes to my track so that they are together.

I am forgetting about the roadways of the past, and I am walking

hand and hand down new rails, with a champion of companions under my wheels of fortune. The lover’s identification card has been shown, only time will tell who he is. I am not letting anyone run me out of steam. The main question is which way we should go now we have to make a decision. The Judgment card is in my hands, and in my future, it is telling me to prepare myself for this change. There is a Star beginning to shine for me, and the planets are at last shining on my dwelling. It is as if I can feel the love

going through me as I sit, stand, walk, and even lie down, it is pulsating through me. I know it is coming my way soon, what it may be or what it is, I am not sure but of yet. Nevertheless, it is going to feel oh so good. It is feeling really good for me; it will feel good for him, and good for us, and it will be the end of them. Maybe this is what living is all about? This is going to be so good!

Maybe this is what I needed to go for all along?

(Lasting touch)

Oh, I still remember the last time we touched, it seemed so long ago, yet it was not that long ago really. When he touched me, my hand tingled as if he made a spark of lightning run up my arm and throughout my nerves. Which rushes to my brain and back down to my toes, and stimulates everything in between throughout me, which just turns me on, and lit me up with a white glow of exhilaration. Even from a distance, all I have to do is think about him or simply imagine, and I

know he can feel me, I know we have felt one another without touching also.

As always, he feels like electricity is passing through me.

Even when he is just sitting next to me in class, or walking by me; I feel what it would feel like to have him inside of me, to pass through me as he would go in and out of my body. Yet I want the real thing! I need him; I want to feel, even more, this is good, but I want everything, I need all of him! Yes, I am still in love with that boy! It is as if I am spiritual, emotionally, and morally

aware of him, and linked somehow. It is what he does for pleasure, all his sensations go through me, as mine goes through him, all we need to do is think or feel ourselves.

We both can feel each other, and that is so sensual to me, and surely to him as well. I wonder if anyone knows that? Yes, even though we do not touch in front of anyone, I can feel his lovely soul in mine. I think this gift is something, I was granted that day, I died also, and was given life ones more by Lily’s touch. Just as her touch

brought me back to life, she is with me also, in many sensations, which I cannot explain, other than saying they are heavenly.

Chapter: 18

Am I Doing, Okay?

All these days remind me of Offspring songs. There is one set of lyrics that strike a chord with me, and my life… the one song it speaks these words saying quote- ‘Don't waste your whole life trying to get back what was

taken away.’ So true, that is all I have done from day one, maybe I just need to try to move on if I can. Yes, I knew that they were going to do this to me. I just had that filling along with that churning in my stomach. I knew it because; I was in the area at that time of the events that took place. I am a perfect target as usual! Oh, the sisters love to mess with people's heads. They love to toy with illusion, confusion until you have delusion; it is all part of their grandiose scheme to take control over you and me.

However, I try to live my life aloof as much as I can. But, with them up in my ass constantly, there is nothing I can do, but suffer the consequences of being human. An ultimate price for thoughtfulness. I always thought the sisters were evil, but then again, I did not foresee this quite like this… they are going to try to pin Lily's situation and her death on me. I know it, I can feel it, I can foresee it, and I can taste it.

What can I do? I was there… and they know it. They know I felt her

death and they know I saw the visions. I am a witness that will not die for them. Yet, they keep trying to kill me in every way imaginable, they have an image of evil that mystifies my mind.

(Verdict)

Yes, I believe that is what they are going to do, twist the truth around as usual. What should I do! You cannot go to the higher authority because everything is corrupt by the tower, no one wants to talk or listen to what I have to say, so I cannot explain what happened.

I guess- I am just stuck with no way out as usual.

Even on the witness stand. I saw it! I know it was them. Nevertheless, it is against one, I do not stand a chance, they will try to convict me of something I did not do and place me in situations in which I did not cause. They are the ones that did the deeds, they are the ones that need to face the consequences of what they did, instead of pinning the blame on everyone's shoulders but there's. They are pinning that all on me, and I do not

know what I am facing if they do. I know that- I will most likely refuse in talking to the authorities, yet I will give details on what I can.

They will either think I am psychic or psycho. I can lead them to what happened, and I can illuminate the facts that they did not see, but are they going to believe me, I can show them the way. Just like- 'You can lead a camel to water, but you cannot always get him to drink.' Will they choose to see my visions? I do not think their minds were made up. Before I sat down

in the courtroom, I could feel their unfriendliness, and see how they were looking at me. I cannot hark back to everything; you know they do not understand that either. I have the vision of getting charged with this manslaughter, because in ‘The Land of Many Steeples,' you are guilty until proven innocent, and if the clan and the tower have anything to do with it, you will be locked in their dungeon forever.

However, I know I have to tell someone, what exactly happened. Still, will anybody believe me? Probably

not… I know I am going to get interrogated, and I know that I will have a polygraph facing me. The truth will come out on autographed lines of morality, I suppose. The facts will be stranger than their fiction! I believe that there will be a trial ahead, where I will have to sit in front of twelve jurors, and they can make their judgments, the word verdict means truth, what is the truth only Lily Anderson knows, yet I know also… but how do I prove to a court system that I am talking to a spirit? They will think I am psychotic.

How do you explain to the world that you have psychic ability?

Lily Anderson before she fell to her death three stories down was raped by the sisters, they forced her into acts that most cannot even imagine, or maybe you just do not want to. All the same, I saw everything anyway, and I truly know what it feels, like to be in that state of affairs. If she did not want to engage in all of those activities, they would beat the crap out of her.

Lily would always show up with fresh bruises, but she always made-up

excuses. Conversely, I always knew who did it, but she did not say much about it. She wore them well, and she did not like to tell, mainly because she had- fear. The fear is the alternate drive to stopping anyone from doing anything. Oh yes, fear can break a person, fear can drive a person to drastic solutions or conclusions. Fear can drive some nonsense, and fear can make you brilliant. The fear does it all. Yes, fear is a death sentence, one way or another.

Either you fear living, or you fear dying. Fear comes down to a simple choice actually; do I want to live, or when and where do I want to die? Who or what is going to be the cause, and will anybody care afterward, this, or do they now? That is the fear we have when the eyes are upon us, and the spirit lives to talk to us.

Lily, had no choice, she either had to do what the sisters wanted… or be beaten with an inch of life, either way, she always ended up with markings on her body. I believe that if

things would have pressed on like that, for her she would have lost her mind, yet some say she did? Like I said- time within the hellhole is a slow time, where anybody finds anything to keep their mind busy. Some draw! Some have sex! Some have sports and clubs! Someone like me has nothing to them, and yet I have it all. I know I can do anything, because I have so many god-gifted talents, and just because I am not like you, does not mean I cannot do the unimaginable.

(Alliances)

So, the question is why do we make groupings? Why do we classify people according to how they will look, speak, or the way they act? Why do we put people in classes regarding what other people think, why do we? These are some of the activities, which some do to keep their mind sharp, and the others have to pay the price. What is your thing? There are some, which cut class for recreational reasons.

Some go into the bathroom to relieve all the day’s stresses, and some that will sleep throughout the boring

classes. There are some, which are the class pet. Some of the higher authority gets with the students, and they have their moments of disorderly conduct together. Then some are class clowns. Then there are some gay ones, some are straight ones, and then there are the ones that all they do is make out and suck face. Some cannot keep their hands off my private parts. A number of them just plain hate everything and everybody.

Somewhere their boyfriend’s football jerseys on Fridays. Some sell

drugs, several if not all are engaging in mischievous activities like sex you do like giving hand-jobs and blowjobs at the age of twelve and older. Some are the star of the team.

Some have their grades handed to them. Then there are the ones just like I rejected and misunderstood in everything. Some are the color of white and others not, yet we all should be equal, but it seems that we are not. It all comes down to the fact that we all do things differently, no matter how hard we try not to be categorized it is

still going to happen as a result of human control. I am just telling it how I see it. Which is the truth? Just like some girls and guys out there say they do not want to date you for some irrelevant reason, because of their mom and dad's belief, about you being this and that.

Because of what they said, or their friends say, yet the next day, she or he is with someone older or younger than you.

Furthermore, the excuse they said to you is complete bullshit. So,

when you see them with a jerk, which only wants one thing. Yet because of their friends, mom, and dad approves of them… that is whom they date, and not the one they truly love or want to get to know. I find it is so unbearably hard to get to know people when they do not want to get to know me, or they fear what they will say or do to them, no dater wants to be the first, to break this evil spell from them, because of the fear. Why do I not know? I guess it is all because they think they are too good for me.

Likewise, I will never be good enough. Which pisses me off.

Give it a chance, will you? Hello! It is not as if I am going to molest you.

And- I do not bite unless you want me to. He- he!

(Decide on)

What will you be in your hellhole? Are you the type that just harasses someone until they crack? Will you stand up for your rights, or let someone slam you to the ground? Will

you let the others that are left out behind? Are you going to help them out in their time of need? What do you choose to be? If you are like the sisters, then all you do is cause havoc for innocent lives. Besides, if you are like me all I do is try to help people.

(Murmurs)

The ghostly words that I hear from the ones that speak to me are saying something like- ‘Look out for the stars that shine for you in hope. But- be aware to not fall into the deception. Do not mistake a star for a black hole, in

the days of days, and the times of time, where the banners will be the red blood your loved one will have to shed. This will show the light upon the fault line. When their vials break free upon you and them. This may pull you around while looking at the ground. If you see this coming it is already too late for them to run, your loved one will be under the rains of fire, with the fight of freedom, and honor, with dust and sun. Remember you will have some loss indoors, yet the footprints have been made, and the boots will bring you and

them home. Think of keeping the angels nearby. Yet always look up even when you are knocked down by life. The stars that we know, and love may just fall to us in a cloud of white dust, and life as we know it may not be here, and surely nothing will be clear.' I do not know what it means- do you? Should I be scared? What are they telling me? Is this in my future?

(Spirit and evil life)

It is interesting how you can find your Angel, and how they can find

you. I still believe it is a blessing to be able to see an angel.

However, the sisters must have heard the voices of hope and how they have spoken down on me, and they are going to try to reverse it and use it against me like a hex like they have been doing all these days in the past. This makes me believe, they have dark powers for themselves… for them to know my abilities, which come from the divine. They must have some kind of inkling or something. As I said, I think the sisters and the clan took things way

too far, and it got out of hand. They were in the moment of high ecstasy with their erotic acts, they had complete authority over their meek victim.

Until they just pinned her against the window and she pushed her through in a moment of climax. Do I think they meant to kill her? In all honesty, I do not believe so; I think it was a crime of passion. An activity of rage and hot lust, that led to murder and manslaughter; however, now it is my cross to bear. Yet I am joyful, that I

have what I have. It is thought-provoking to think that I am the one that is being pinned for sexual harassment when the sisters have been with every walk of life and higher authority within the hellhole. Some of the allegations in which they are saying that I committed on Lily are as follows: devious acts, a lewd act on a child, indecent exposure, assault, corruption of a minor, harassment and disorderly conduct, and reckless endangerment. If only Lily could talk to someone other

than me. If they only knew the real story.

Then I would not have to; try to explain the situation, which will never be understood in a court of law, or at the school. How can I explain Lily's situation when I cannot even explain my own? I wonder how much juvenile time I will have to spend on these lies, I will be sent away in a dingy tan-colored uniform, I just can feel it coming. All I have to say is watch what you do, watch where you are, and always keep your eyes alert, and your ears ready to

listen. The vultures are always around the corner, and if they can get out of something, by pinning it on somebody else, they will do it… that is a threat and a promise by them.

(Time)

I should know I have to go to all these programs, and night classes, and it is in this Pennsylvania juvenile detention center just to keep them on my back for four months, yet I have not lost too many points. Yes, I have my thoughts to keep me entertained. I guess, yet being here like this is so

depressing, no love just- hate! Yes, I miss seeing him too. I miss seeing all the faces too actually; I never thought that would ever happen. I was the blame in their game, at least I have time to think in this closet.

Yet I miss my home, and my pink bedroom, and my privacy, the staff here are mean, along with the girls I am with, the food is cold and tastes repulsive. On the other hand, my blue belt I have at the top of my tight-fitting shorts shows that I am doing what they say. That my uniforms are folded and

worn the right way. That my paper-thin bed is tidy and also made the right way, I do not have any contraband. Nope- I know NOT to talk back to them! I do not need that belt to change color, and keep me here any longer. Mainly so, that I can get away some days, and then it is back into this repetition they set up for me. Yet hoping to get back into the repetition of everyday life that I took for granted.

‘I am innocent!’

Yet many of the girls here say that, though I truly am. The public

defender screwed me because the sisters paid him and the judge off. Surely, you knew that I did not have the money to get a good attorney. I am only fifteen almost sixteen as of now, and I am being accused of charges, that are just ridiculous.

I do not know how one person can even be the mastermind of such heinous thoughts, but the towers and their clans have no life other than torturing those, that are trying to make a life for themselves. I know this record is going to destroy my future

occupations, yet I keep trying. I will just have to wait and see how this all turns out. It may just blow over, or I will be in the path of the blizzard once more.

However, it all comes down to one simple fact really; I do not know if I can take much more. But does it matter anyway; I have the term of something impossible to change. Just remember, that it should only be you, which chooses what you want to think about me. Not what they say. I remember that day as if it was yesterday, the day the

sisters officially pin the murder of Lily Anderson on me. Sometimes I think if you dwell on something long enough, it will come true… therefore if you think that somebody is going to place something down upon you, they will.

My convictions are a mile-long, and I did not do anything to anyone.

However, being convicted of something you just did not do happens all the time?

By the way, Lily Anderson was found is what they are trying to relate…

all of that on me, and what they have made up about me in the past. Oh, stories can be told over with slight variations until they become believed by society. They also said I was guilty because I spent so much time crying at her grave. Can you believe that?

What was nothing becomes' something? Whatever happens after the made-up fact gets past down the line and becomes the words of a travesty.

Just like holding hands, it can lead to much more. Just like a kiss can be the beginnings of the end. I have

learned this the hard way; like everything, I have learned how to do it. So, this is how I became part of those classifications because the sisters made it appear that I was a danger to myself and others. Yet the higher authority does not see what they need to see. They cannot see just how dangerous these girls can be; nope they just blame someone like me, and that was all my life, not just as of now?

So, I asked the question: ‘Are we blind or do we choose not to see?’ Do we sometimes see things, and

misinterpret them, and put the judgment on someone else's hands that were completely innocent? Yes, no, maybe? Do we all think corrupt, by pondering, that they are the ones that should be punished for doing something that was nothing in the wrong? It is all about choosing what we think? Is thinking just a state of evolution and illusion? Is it all about concluding? Is it all about seeing a vision from a guardian angel that protects you? Is this the only true hope,

finding faith? Is faith the only help for us to get us through life?

Thinking like this is all I have. When freedom is so far away, and it was taken away from me just like my life!

Chapter: 19

A Moment in Time

The four months have passed, and I am home, as planned! Hope was happy to see me yet not thrilled. However, I still feel as if I am running a

marathon, yes going down the same old path with no lights and no colors at all, time and time again like having their ghostly faces flashing in my eyes time and time again. ‘It feels as if all my trophies and rewards which I know I have earned have been taken away.’ It is not because I do not deserve it; it is because they do not think I should have them.

What do I mean by this?

While the tower thinks I do not deserve the honor, along with anyone's companionship or friendship, she

makes it seem as if I should be looked down upon in society. She makes everyone think that I should be locked in my room, and not able to see the light of day. Though I know society does not believe all of her lies, most think very highly of me, yet they are not allowed to think and speak freely. They cannot show their support or their true feelings towards me or let it be known.

If they do… she finds out… she will go into one of her hissy fits and starts threatening people. You cannot deny her! If you, do you have to kiss

her ass for the rest of your life. Additionally, if you do not kiss her ass, she makes sure you have everything you want, but not what you truly need. Yet they have to be friends with her.

So, they cannot be friends with me, because of her, and I am never going to kiss anybody's ass- like that! Oh, society is a vicious circle of unjust human beings. You should know this. They cannot see or think for themselves. Not all society is this way; nevertheless, as the days go by and the country keeps going downhill, more

and more, we are falling into the tower's traps. There are many towers and clans among us, and their victims like me have been holding the death card far too long.

So, we become hermits and seek the answers while groping in the dark, yet there is no salvation unless we have hope and faith. I know that everything is going to work itself out. The tower is always depicted as crumbling and flaming. The tower is nothing but a big fat pain in the ass. That is never going to let me go or go

away from me if I move, they will follow me if they do not then they will find somebody else in which to do their deed for them.

That is why I refer to them as vultures, or the blackbird clan, and other animals, there nothing but beasts to me. As I have described in the past, they take on animal-like traits when they attack me. It would be different if I could get away from my stalkers. All the same, they live far enough away from me that they are out of sight, but-yet they are close enough to me that

they can draw their swords, and cut my true identity down to nothing. Oh, as I have said reputation is everything, without popularity you are nothing in the hellhole society. If you do not have a cell phone number, then you just do not exist to them. If you are on the walls, they pick and choose whom they want to talk to… and it most likely is not going to be someone like me.

What I am seeing. Is that youngest people cannot read or spell anything, because they are illiterate, yet why should it matter if

communication is all going electronic anyway. Forget about using cash to pay for anything everybody wants to use his or her plastic and mess around with it for hours to make it work. Besides, losing a couple of dollars doing it every time. Whatever happened to simplicity? I have fifty cents in my skirt pocket, and I am happy with that. If you are not on social networking, then there is no friendship. ‘If you do not have one million pictures of you doing the same pose repeatedly then you are not considered attractive.’ Truly think

about it, and it is ridiculous how idiotic the world has become!

(The neighborhood)

Parents are afraid to let their children play outside… parents are afraid to let their children go to school; why? Because the higher authority does not protect them and the kids are becoming nothing but hell raisers. So, we want the computers to become the teachers for the children, and the PlayStation's to be the main form of entertainment… Just look around, Joe Walsh, he tells it like it is saying quote-

‘Violence and murder is rated PG, too bad for the children they are what they see!’ On the other hand, it all could be that they are afraid of me, and what they think I will do to them; I do not know- do you? The parents in ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ are getting welfare, and have ten different boyfriends or girlfriends a night to satisfy their needs. Then they just keep popping out kids. Yap and it is our tax dollars, which pays for it all.

Children are blessings that need nurturing and loving and

understanding parents, however, it seems to nurture has gone out the window. You cannot correct your child or the authorities will be knocking at your door while taking you away for child abuse. That is just how it is… yet, in school for me, I have my skirt lifted and my bare ass smacked every day, and it seems always by a male teacher just one of the higher authorities for doing nothing in the wrong- yet they say I do. I just do not get it.

Yet, I am reminded of a quote ‘If you spare the rod, you will spoil the

child.’ That is interesting because there is no discipline in this country anymore. Everyone must adequately be ignorant, arrogant, and just plain vain. Why are we like this? Yet why are some allowed to smack our asses and others not? Good question- right?

The economy is in the shitter yet nobody gives a damn, why should we go out and find a job? We can make more money on unemployment than if we were working. ‘We do not export anything, yet we import them, and yet they hate us, but yet we still love

them!’ All you have to do is look at our front-runners and see for yourself. Pointing fingers is not getting us anywhere, throwing everything out, and starting over is what is needed. But once again you have to think for yourself and make your own choices, instead of letting them decide for you. I mean this most sufficiently: pull your head out of your ass and start caring about someone other than yourself, that is what I had to do, to see what was happening.

(Readings)

My tower and clan think she and they are so clever… the tower she knew this and she used it meaning she knew what to look up. That is why it is so important to understand the signs and cards. Those that know can figure out what is going to happen in life or the beings around. If you follow the signs and cards, the stars can predict how things are going to turn out. I referred to this person as the tower mainly because they build and block, they cannot be stopped, this is only one solution that I know of… however you

cannot blossom with any relationships or dating, and being social is over before it starts with any society around. Still, they are constantly watching over me.

Just like I said they have eyes in the sky meaning, if they are not the ones following behind me, they make sure that they have someone that will. Their followers always report back to the main headquarters, they have to get the information to her so she can twist it and make everybody believe her lies. Some of the lies in which the tower

has created for me include. Being gay, I am far from it… Engaging in activities with children, which is completely disgusting. Lewd acts, the list goes on and on.

‘Oh, the internet is a powerful tool; it was created for good, however, some use it for their evil.’ I had to pay with my time, for what I did not do, when is it going to end? I need to stop looking at ‘Blabber Book!’ that way I will not see what they say. The tower patrols the land still and forever, and if she dies her offspring will take her

place, her spirit will rise from the ashes, and go into the next demon to be. It is a never-ending battle; you cannot do anything about it. What they do to you is never seen, but it is heard by everyone. ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ is corrupt, and she has all the officials wrapped around her little finger. So basically, she runs ‘The Land of Many Steeples,' we all cannot do anything without the tower getting involved, or having their nose in it somehow.

(What they do)

If you have something which they want, and they do not have the means of getting it. They will either take it off you, or break yours, so it is no longer an enjoyment to you. They create enough stories until everyone turns their back on you, so much so that I could write a book about it. It is thought-provoking because most of my life I was naïve, just an innocent girl doing everyday activities, which would not cause harm to anyone.

But- life is cruel, and you have to become wise… get smart and look

out for the unexpected, you do not want them or someone like a tower to start on you. All the same, do not let them stop you, do what you want, they are not godly, so do not be tempted by their welcomed takeovers they are only obscure fallen angels, like vouchers of mind corruption.

'They will slander you too, as they did to me, and will make your life a living hell.' The towers and her clans, and cops she bangs comes around me so much that it is laughable. A deed she does for them to follow me, and to keep

them in fear, of what she could say and what she could do. All the sisters all like to flaunt what they have got. I think that they like to make me eat my heart out.

Why?

For the reason that they have steady dates, in all honesty, I do not give a shit about what they have or what they do. I know what I want, and I plan to receive it with a loving heart, body, and soul. They want me to see them hand-in-hand with the Kissing, giggling, and going out on dates. They

have it set up so that I cannot even get one. Like I have said the tower and her clan make sure that all I do is sit in my pink bedroom, and think about what I cannot have… that is the whole intent they want to try to drive me insane, I do not think they will?

A devious plan indeed, sometimes it bothers me, and sometimes not. It just depends on the day's situation at hand. I know that I should not let the sisters bother me. I know that their dates are not in love with them; their mother just sets up

everything to make it look like they have more than I do. ‘That is what I mean about love, in love, or just infatuation.’ Being infatuated with somebody, yes, it is fun and can have its moments, but it is never going to last. Having cheap flings is kind of pathetic, and a joke. ‘I work for what I have; I do not live off what my parents hand me.’

(The first typed pages I have finished, now that I am back home.)

There are real couples in which I can see; all the sisters and the tower

want me, all they want me to do is sit in my misery, and think about what they have done to me. However, I got news for you… they will never get the best of me! All towers are nothing but weakly structured beings, which look for guidance from black hooded entities; they spend many hours, fading your identity, while the dark evil demonic powers, raining their acid over your flowers.

You are left to pull the petals off the daisy flowers. Asking the question, do they love me or not? While

your emotions tear you apart and you cannot speak because your tongue is tied into a knot. It is no one's fault but the tower. As you sit going through flower after flower until the tears become sour. And you are left to rot like that one last daisy flower. You want to scream because you feel like it is your dying hour, knowing that there is only one more flower, knowing that is the only solution left, however, there are no pedals to fulfill that desire.

Chapter: 20

Bale of My True Identity

The more days that go by the more belligerent the blackbird clan becomes towards me. I know that the clan is going to say that I am on drugs, and doing other things, and more. God only knows what all she has been saying about me to my classmates. I can feel the talk all around me. Plus, I can see the fear on their faces. I know that the clan head is going to do everything in her power to make my life

miserable because she thinks I have a thing for her boyfriend. How would she even know if I do or do not? She doesn't even really know me. Just like Ava and her sisters said that she missed me and that she has a ‘gift’ waiting for me, I have an idea of what that is going to be.

Oh, how I would love to tell her to go and get ‘bent!’ I cannot say that I know anything about the blackbird clan and their family. I do not know what their problem is… All I know is that they have a problem and major issues. There has to be something

psychologically wrong with these people, and nobody chooses to see it. I guess that is trickery, Satan always takes care of his children. They just keep dancing around the fires, while chopping down the chosen ones' spring flowers, yes down to nothing, with their flames. Those who do not bow down to them during their rituals of voodoo will be next on the list. If you live or have your right-thinking after their dancing, it is a wonder.

I know that Ava thinks, I have a crush on her too… or so she tells

everyone… that I want to be with her; in romantic ways, which is completely ludicrous. Could you just imagine what that would be like, or worse what it would look and feel like? It seems like I cannot even look at someone without them thinking that I am trying to make a pass at him or her. It is so stupid! It kind of makes me want to laugh, but on a serious note, it is a problem. Oh- yes it all started with the tower. So fascinating because people do not even know me, yet they make assumptions

based on what she and her descendants say.

Everyone thinks that I am into them in a romantic sense. Yet this is what the tower keeps saying to everyone, along with other words that are so heinous I cannot even wrap my mind around what is being said. Just when I think, the talk is dying off, their clan starts dancing around the fires again, and it all begins again like raining fire with the wrath of terror. The words should be getting old by now, however, they always put in some

twists on what they say, and it always gets back to me eventually, but some people still buy into it because they have no choice. But, to bow down to her. Stand up for your rights, you have the freedom to do whatever you think is best for you… please do not listen to it they're two-faced!

Like- I said they make everyone think that I am desperate for affection because they think that I cannot get any action. Ha, I learned that if you work hard, and you do the right thing you could achieve anything. You know I

would rather have someone tell me to my face that they are not interested in having a friendship or relationship, rather than sneaking around just to avoid me. I would rather have you tell me that I am nothing to you, why? Because I would have more respect for you. I know the only reason why they're avoiding me is because of what the tower has said, and you all are afraid of the wrath.

But then again you have a choice to make, so what do you decide on? What do you believe about me?

What else are you going to know, and think if that is what you have been told, withheld, and grown- up to do, it has all become known over the years, and that is what you understand as of now?

Whatever that is exactly has become almost fact in all your minds. It is like instead of truly getting to know someone, you all just go along with what everybody else is saying, and accept it as true. So- ‘What a pity we can believe what we want to believe.’ We can do what we wanted to, but if you choose to go along with the tower

then you are the one losing out, besides let’s not fail to mention that you may lose your soul as well. If enough voices come together, then the tower will be nothing, and she will crumble. Though, the true question remains; have you figured out who the tower is? Do you have any idea… who she is yet? If not, then you need to keep reading between the lines. Then it will eventually become known.

I have nothing to hide, ask me any questions you want.

However, I do feel that surely, the tower will be unmasked and revealed at some point coming up shortly; the tower is not just a card in my deck. She is a real person! (Back to my normal school days.) Well, it is normal for me…! This is what I see all around me now, and what I am feeling. Just like in the homeroom before class starts, while saying the pledge of allegiance everyone should be looking at the candy lines, but instead, I feel as if they're all looking at me. The books slam on the desk in stacks, and the

doors bang. Then just to set down in the linked desks that have chewed gum on the seats, an awesome start to the day. Looking around Randy Waygate is sharpening his pencil into a woody, and it grinds in my ears. Plus- Ava is trying to play with my hair and cress it.

Maybe it is because I have Lily's one ribbon bobby-pinned above my left ear at all times now. It is the only thing, which defines me, away from this uniformity. Ava just has to sit behind me, doesn't she? People ask me why I wear it, and I say because I loved

her, and she was my girlfriend. Yet they think I wear it because I feel guilty, that I was the cause. Also, they do not understand that two girls can have strong feelings for one another. It is as if they do not get it. All I know is a lot of people need to keep their noses on their faces, and their hands on their skirts, all I am asking for is a little bit of space. Please just back off!

(Drifting off in class)

Then my daydream starts, everything will work out, at a certain time, and at a certain place. I can trust

you; you are the right one for me. It is like I am the shoe; you are the laces. We do not need to care about anybody else's faces, as we do not care who chases. There are many opportunities, there have been my opportunities knocking on my back door, and I know that life is not always about making a score. It is all right to be ignored; I have the Lord, and he is walking by my side. Not to mention I have someone who thinks I am great, and they're not afraid of saying it now, they have nothing to hide. Oh, yes it will not be

long until we hold hands and walk side by side, upon the silver chariot we will ride. It is going to be you in which I confide.

Chiaz- I still remember the first time that we met; it seems like it was just yesterday. Still takes my breath away, I guess fate took place, where she was standing in front of me; we did not say any more than two words to one another.

However, I just brushed the hair away from her face with my hand and wrapped her hair around her

earlobe. That was the first time that I looked into my eyes that made me feel like that, it was like I saw the future. Yes, the blue eyes that did all the talking for her. From that very moment, at that very time, it was love at first sight for me, as well as I knew that she was the one for me! Yes, it is easy for me to say that I am in love with Nevaeh; I have been crushing on her for many years. However, there has always been something to stand in the way.

Nevertheless, our time is about to come, and all things will be realized.

‘I will be her hero; that is if she lets me.’ I will bet for a fact the first time, that we kiss she will tremble when our lips meet. She would be the type of girl that would hold me in her arms, as well as I would do the same for her.

You need not fear because- I would always be there to take any pain away that I can. I would stand by her for eternity. I have nothing to hide, how badly I want us to be together walking

side-by-side. But then again only if it is right and it is me you see on your site, whenever the time is right one of these nights.

I hope you can see that there is nothing or anyone that can stop me or change how I feel. I could see you in that white dress, I can envision our children when looking into your eyes, I know you are the girl that would never tell me any lies, take my hand, and we can leave this land, and start our life.

Who knows what surprise will arrive? Let us go somewhere where

there is a warm beach, and numerous sunrises, and peaceful evenings. I guess the better question is would you wear my ring?

All she has to do is say my name and my knees get a week, I am in love, or am I in too deep? What is it that I am feeling that makes me want more and more? It is like I can feel Nevaeh beside me even when she is not touching my body, yet I can feel the sensations, I do not even have a word that could even explain how this girl makes me feel.

Oh, yes remembering all the words that were spoken that were right and that were wrong. I ask- ‘Does it matter what others say if you are happy with what you want? So, believe in what you need, yes it just might, after all, come true for you. I believe that my hopes and dreams will happen, and come true for me… so if you do the same it just might for you as well, if you have hope and yes listen to your own words that speak from the heart and nowhere different.

Oh, I remember back when I was there; I felt an intense attraction toward her, whom I have only seen or noticed in passing back when I walked the halls. Yet I felt very drawn in incomprehensible ways, as I did not know Nevaeh all that well. Yet on another level, I did know her extremely well so it feels, yes, it is this feeling that pulled me into her like a magnet, ever closer to her side. If we are ready to step foot together, then all she needs to do is say ‘yes!’ Listen to your heart and nothing else.

Nevaeh- Adriane the eldest of the evil bitches knows that I know what she did, and is making everybody think that I have major issues, even though Alissa graduated last year, I still feel her pressures in the hellhole walls. It seems like even though someone graduates there is always someone else to take their place. One is demoted, and then one is promoted.

The same goes for the higher authority, if the sisters do not want someone in an activity, they can pick and choose who is going to get the

spotlight. That even goes for the higher authority, if they do not want a certain teacher in their little click, then he/she will not be in this establishment any longer. Just like they did to the librarian, they did not find him to be a user so he got the ax.

For example- Ava will say the teachers do certain things to her. Yet if they do not do what she wants, she will make them, either way, they are getting fired. It is all part of the hellhole game. What can you do when someone has that much power over the

whole land of many steeples? Everything is corrupt, crooked, and dishonest.

But- everybody is too busy looking at their cell phones and technologies to even care or understand what is going on. On the other hand, maybe they are just afraid. Fears are a terrible thing; I should know I have the wrath of these people for many years. On the other hand, I have come to the point where I just do not care anymore.

Like- I said, I am not the one that is in the wrong here. You can call me whatever you want. I know that I did not do anything, what they are saying never happened, the time I did is the time I lost. Just because you follow me do not assume that you can get me to hook up with you. It is not going to happen now or ever. Also, just because I follow you, does not imply that I want anything from you other than friendship. It seems like you cannot talk to anyone without having technology getting in the way anymore.

If you do not have a number, you just do not exist. If you have a profile, you have 1,000 people or more saying things about you positive or negative their opinions resonate throughout the lands.

Moreover- the entire negative comments are from the ill-advised profiles. They are making everyone forget about me entirely. It is just like the domino effect. One starts the lie and it just keeps going down the line, until my profile has no choice but to expire. Anymore I find anything online

is just a waste of time, whatever happened to communication? You know when you talk to another person and do not have to type it. Plus- people do not even type with real words anymore; it is like they have their language of bull shit.

Think before you speak this will help out anyone and any situation, so think before you type, we live in a world of instant messaging instant, everything can happen in that instant you could be in a lot of trouble. Just remember a profile photo is nothing

like the real thing. Just because you are sitting behind a screen, does not make it safe to tell everybody about your life's history. Remember that someone is looking for you to help you make the right choice, but you have the choice to listen to them and not the entities of destruction. Just like I am a Christian I know that I am going to be crucified. Just like being prosecuted by a word of mouth, and stoned by the fighting battles of the ones that do not understand me and my beliefs. For the reason that a life of righteousness I will

be hated; since we live in a dark Infertility type of world.'

They think I cannot be holy because of the way I am, and the life I live and want to have. Okay if you say so…! Just remember that you are not always going to be in the judgment of your friends and networks, someday at the time of times and end of days, you will be judged by what truly matters. I have learned that my suffering shows my living off the right lifestyle. What else is said and seen does not mean a

thing. As long as I feel okay, then most likely I will be.

Chapter: 21

Wrecked, Broken, Shattered, and Stained

‘Sweet sixteen!’ Nevaeh- My junior year of school at the hellhole, I finally got my driver’s license- thank God after I got back! Yet I already had my wheels.

Surprisingly one night Hope gave me her late husband’s car. As a

gift, it was the night, and the same day she ripped off my skirt at school. When she dropped me off… how could I forget?

I guess she was so embarrassed for me, that she wanted to make me feel better, and that was surely a good way of doing it. That was the day she handed me the car keys. Besides, they said- ‘It’s all yours! However, you have to weigh whether you can drive.’ She also said, ‘I do not get you much because I do not have much to give you as you know. Your

birthdays have passed without… time and time over, so hopefully, I have made up for not being bountiful to you.' I said- 'Yes, you did well!'

I was thinking this thing is mine; does this big car even run. Yet I said thanks- and I gave her a giant bear hug. And she said- 'yeah- yeah- yeah, honey- don't make a big thing out of this. I don't want you to get your hopes up too much, and get disappointed.' Yet I could not help it- but to be thrilled, I think I even squealed and then cried sweet tears of joy. If you have not

figured it out, I cry- about everything and anything. So, at that time- In the back of my mind- however, I was thinking, does this car even idle? I am just a girl that does not know all that much about cars, other than knowing if I look cute in them.

Plus- I know that this car is unlike all the other cars in the parking lot- that is for sure, most of them drive shitty-looking Toyota's and Honda's. Nevertheless, it has a style, and it is somewhat beat-up- yet has- elegance to it, that fits me quite well- if I do say so

myself. Yes- I freaking love this car that is in the barn, it has sexy lines on it, and those fins are sweet. It is baby blue like my eyes, and cream on the lower section, she has two doors.

Yapper, I have a 1957 Chevy bel-air. I remember the first time I started it up-it roared to life and purred like a kitty cat. Yet I had to put a pillow on the seat, just to see out and over, the V-shaped speedometer, and through the middle of the wrap-around windshield. The steering wheel is so big to me, it's silly to me really; as it takes

all my might to move it. Oh, yeah there was no power steering in 1957. As well as the headlights, the dimmer switch is on the floor of all places.

Oh yeah- good luck in finding that gas door.

That took some time to find. This car is my baby, plus- I like shiny things. What can I say? I have been rubbing and cleaning her for over a year now, every day fixing her up, I do not mind that I have gotten a really dirty day in and day out fixing her, it gave me something to look forward to

doing. I just wear one of hope's old ripped-up tank tops and nothing else. So, I did not have to worry about it, getting my other stuff messed up, as you know I do not have a lot to wear. Some days, I just worked in the barn all night wearing my only now see-through pink nighty. Yet once I was in there, I would take it off; to work so I could keep it clean, so it was nice to wear that night in the house. Anyways about a week after I got home from the young girls' jail. Hope she said- 'You have been through a lot, and I know, that

you did not do those things they said. Because you passed with flying colors there. So, it is time for us to go for a ride in your car. You are a good girl, I know this.'

('It's good to have you back!' - she said under her breath.)

I remember that the hardest thing for me to do was to learn how to drive it when I was about to turn sixteen. Because- it has a three-speed shifter that is on the column. With low, second, and high, and you have to be so careful when you change the gears

from low to second that you do not throw it into reverse accidentally, and completely grind the gears. As the car is doing like twenty down the path. Then the car stalls out and sounds like a pig yelling, and begging for mercy. How do I know this you ask?

Will let's just say- I have done that. Like the first time, I went down the lane to learn how to operate this boat of an automobile. I am a fast learner though, unlike others think, and I finally got it. Yet I can still hear Hope yelling from the porch- 'Grind me a

pound- Nevaeh.' I guess to her it sounded like a meat grinder… or something like that. It was not long that I found out that I had a classic, American car. Yet I remember the first day I drove it to the hellhole and left it sitting out in my parking spot. I should have known not to; I should have been wiser. Yet I thought everything would be safe.

Nope- it was not! Ava and her girls that day went, and they cut a class at some point in the day and broke into my baby. Then Ava- 'Rubbed one out!'

that means that she masturbated, and squirted her lady- juices all over the inside of my car. Yes- and I mean it went all over. It was on my seat on the dash, on the floor, and Ava smeared what creaminess that was on her two fingers on the windows, and driver's side vent. As her clan, sisters pissed all over the carpet on the floor, and took their dumps on the seat, and left their thongs behind. Alison, she wrote a note on her undies saying- 'Now you have some pairs to wear!'

It was so nasty! Plus- the outside was covered and wrapped with toilet paper as well as littered with Ava and her sisters used feminine products. What is wrong with these girls? What did I do to deserve this one? Likewise, the other kids thought it was the most humorous thing, which they ever witnessed at the end of the school day. When I discovered it- You know, I was utterly sick to my stomach. I think I screamed so loudly it echoed throughout the land, and started to cry and ran while being pushed around

bouncing around off their bodies, I cannot remember- I was so upset, and then the kids were all around me kicking, and pushing me from one place to another.

I was just like a hacky sack for them, until I passed out, and dropped to the hard ground. That gave them time for them to spit on me, and dump things like glue in my hair or whatever that shit was. Then what gets me is that she signed her name- Ava on the dashboard with a black permanent sharpie marker, and It reads, ‘Suck on

this- Nevaeh- lick, what I gave you all up!’ and she drew a heart, with a line through it also. She wanted me to know because there was not a thing I could do about it. Depressed- to say that her juicy sprays were more yellowish, and a thick sticky white, then clear on my blue and white cloth seats. Yet, Hope had the car towed and cleaned for me inside and out, she could not believe what kids do these days.

Therefore, that was the first time that I drove my car to school and the last. That whole thing cost me a lot.

I guess it is back to the bus. That is what everyone wants is it not. This completely sucked; I have a car that I cannot drive anywhere other than at home or have locked up in the barn- with the other rust bucket car.

I think it is from the 1930s, it was out in the yard until this happened. Oh well, at least I have it all fixed up again, nicer than before… so I estimate you win some and you lose some. I am the one that is still blessed I have to remember. I recall the next day on the bus; the kids asked- 'Why you are not

storming around in your big fancy car-Nevaeh!’

They were mocking me. I did not say a word, as I was sitting there boiling on the inside, the reputation and repetition continued that year, just like the years of the past. As a result, I tried to block those days out of my mind altogether. I have also wondered and pondered this… if I should not just join Lily, and get my own set of white wings, to beg her to let me come up there with her.

However, I know that if I do not live my life to its complete finale, I may not get my wings that I so desire. For the reasons that, I know that I will not make it up to the heavens. What can I do? Why do I feel this way? Why? Mainly because I went through my hell on earth in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' But- there still has to be a way out, a way that I have not found yet? I have the understanding and realization that no one would care that I am even gone, and if they do care,

they cannot… so why stay. So, I am left with so many decisions.

Should I try again? Either the sisters are going to put me through their beatings until I am a bloody pulp, or do I choose to conclude and haunt them when I return. At that juncture, no dreamcatcher could catch me, at that point. I would be the one that is all-mighty and powerful over them. ‘I would haunt your dreams just like you have haunted mine, which is a promise.’

Oh, yes how I would love to be above the clouds, and see the ones that truly care about me. Up there I would have a crown of royalty; all I have left down here is brokenhearted dreams, and the smells of disappointment radiating from the cow pastures that remind me of the shit that I go through. Just to keep my head above the water. The teachers preach lectures, yet it seems we learn nothing.

The students watch, they do not give a shit about anybody, with their noses up in the air. Furthermore,

their hands never where they should be. I do not know what cuts deeper when looking into my full-length mirror, or my emotions of what I remember.

All the markings that they have made on my dresses have either been washed out or patched over and left to be forgotten. The fabric and slashes have been stitched closed, yet some gashes and preambles cannot be as they were before the manipulating, yes, the incisions openings rain on me in the evenings a reminder of what I lost. Yes, for the seams can never be as they

were beforehand, the threads have been ripped apart forever.

Lily understood this feeling too; she knew it all too well, it is just one more thing that just keeps things building up and building up, until the end. I never realized at the time how bad the situation would become until I went through it myself. There is no meaning behind it, which is what gets me. Am I the only one or are there more girls in this hellhole like me, which I do not know about, maybe there is? The bullies harass, it is like

they smell their victims or maybe they can smell and taste the blood dripping down from the gash, which they have caused from before, and then it is like you are a wounded animal on Serengeti they come in packs.

Until you have nothing- nothing left… they lick up what is left of your body time and time over, afterward you have to get up and go on with the day, knowing that you have a decision to make. What decision would you make? I know what decision I will make! Like most people my age, I do not drink and

drug my brain cells away. I am not senseless or slutty, ‘I feel that being romantic is not dead, and it does exist. You just need to be with the right people, which can show you what real expressions of love are!’ So, are you like me by believing that nothing will ever destroy hope or dreams? On the other hand, are you someone like the clan? Are you going to be praised in the eyes of the fire, or the eyes of the clouds? Just like fallen angels, the ones that have fear of not standing up for what is righteous. Why, because it is

more fashionable to live a life of turpitude.

If someone has the light of hope, someone is going to want to dampen the affection. Just like me- when you are single for too long people start thinking, that you are either committed to yourself or that you are a little bit crazy or gay etcetera. I know this… I am not crazy or gay or whatever is said; I just have someone that blocks me out constantly while destroying my reputation. Just think about it. All of you have grown up with

the roomers, your parents believed those parents, I do not have parents to fight for me, and the rest is history. So, what she and her clan said becomes known, and that is what was implied to my image.

Is it true?

Hell no, start thinking for yourself people. Just because someone says, something about someone else does not mean that it is factual. Oh, I have tried to fix it… However, it is out of my control, little do you all know that the tower is what prevents everything

from happening. It is not my choice; she knew that I was going to be the empress; instead, she made me out to be the fool. She knew that I was one of the brightest stars in the land, and she had to bring that to an end, that was the beginning of the end of holding anyone's hands anymore within the land. The friends and romances were in the retrograde I was dubbed unreachable, she made me a forbidden selection.

I had no choice but to become the hermit in the dwelling of lost and

lonely dreams. To look on the bright side, all this has made me a stronger, better, more creative productive person. You cannot stop me now; I will forever shine, and guide others so that they can shine as well. Remember you are the ones listening to slandering voices. My question is why do you listen? Get to know me, and then make your judgments. Yes, it is hard for me to even get things going because the eyes are always watching, and no I am not being paranoid this is part of my true reality. Sure, the opportunity

might come knocking down my door, but can you trust them, is it a setup?

Plus- the longer the wait; the greater the struggle, the better the reward is in the end, or at least that is what I would like to believe. Would you let me in? Life is so unfair you meant the world to me, but as of now, I am not so sure. I have been engrossing myself in you but you do not see me as more than a friend. I need to stop and think about what made you my world, and why it seems like I am going through the earthquakes. Now that I am getting

to see your true colors, I am not so sure that we are meant to be. Let us just see what happens, but you need to change what you think to be with me. We are hearts upon the limbs, two hearts that are now beating independently, both hearts are feeling affectionate, but will they be joined together with a sentence spontaneously. Some of your choices may feel dastardly, Hearts they come together in the future with their descendants that are part of the diversity.

Chiaz- We are living in the present, not the past. Will our hearts survive the blast, what I am asking is will you and I last? The hearts grow closer as the days go fast, upon the branches; yes, it is all part of our forecast. The leaves may fall, but the hearts will remain, even going through the various winters, pouring rains, and even the pain, and there will be no shame. Because being sweethearts is a game, two hearts becoming one so that we feel the same. These two hearts will someday be in a picture frame. On the

surface, we have to hide; on the inside, you and I could be devoted. But- it seems so very different for you to look past the foliage.

You're not always looking away, you have to understand the words and what they have to say, soon you and I will see what is below the surface; there will be an overwhelming bond. This relationship may begin so, innocently with attraction, but if we are soul-mates, it will deepen into much more with affection. We will eventually have to look deeper to see what it is

that we truly want to do or have. That is if we are real soul mates going into a relationship, we both need and want to have. I am willing to communicate, as long as you are willing to listen, this is going to give and take, and we have to find the balance. I will learn to be less clingy because I know you are nurtured to need space. But I will always be there whenever you need me. We can learn, to share and be fair to one another, conversations will be lighthearted, only if it is God’s good fortune.

Nevaeh- I am feeling that I am moving out of this temperance, in this transition, and passing the will of fortune. Yes, I feel that I am on my way to being a lover without the tower's knowledge. There are many in which I could choose, many chances I could undertake which I may lose or win.

But- I believe I have the right person in mind. Yes, those are very kind, but- yet I trust one more than the other. I do not know if my decision will be right, but it is someone I am going

to go with, and I know that is going to be surprising to most when it happens.

Is it a fight or is it the end, are you the right one, or should I go with the other person? That might see me for who I am more than you. The judgment has come; the chariot has arrived; now it is up to you, and the divine master to tell me what I will do next. There has to be a connection inside and join me and you in this journey, on with we ride. That is if you choose not to go the other direction and hide.

Chiaz- I feel that the choice is up in the air, it is just part of the signs that are shown. I am flexible in your transitions; I know that you are the type to tell me how it is going to be. I know you are up for the challenge of the tower. Your communication skills assure that you can take on that load and comprehend any false chats that may come across your path. I know that you will have to spend your time searching for something more before you find what you are looking for was in your sight the whole time. Just like I

pinpoint you as the right girl, because when giving you my heart-shaped key with the guitar pick attached. It had a meaning behind it… it signifies that I pick you to be with me and that you hold the key, if you wear it around your neck then I will know that you feel the same about me. Say you want me!